The COMMONWEAL

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The Peace We Are Invading For

AS WE listen to our radios, eagerly waiting for the last bulletin on an invasion which has only just begun, we naturally are inclined to be wholly captured by the excitement of the thing. Somehow the days of waiting, when the great issues involved were in the forefront of our minds, have turned into day of sitting on the edges of our seats in a vast grandstand, breathlessly watching our champions, play by play, second by second. And we push back, automatically, thoughtlessly, the issues those champions fight for.

After nearly five years of war, Winston Churchill probably echoes the feelings of most men and women when he so strongly asserts that our prime object is to defeat the enemy and to have peace. Ideological considerations he very nearly dismissed in his speech before the House of Commons; we cannot dismiss them, but we do share the primary longings he emphasized. Probably men and women in Europe, more harassed and torn by battle, have, even more than we, come to think that the greatest purpose to be achieved is peace, the end of war. At this statement idealists may be dismayed; they may see in such an attitude cynicism on our part, degeneration on the part of those who even more than we have lost sight of the ideological struggle. Yet to be dismayed is no solution. A phenomenon exists.

Once the goal of the war is won, the goal of the invasion is achieved, the one appeal to which all mankind will respond is the appeal of building a lasting peace—a peace which will at least outlast our lives. Very strongly etched and very bitter is the memory of the failure of the Versailles solution. We know that this solution was compounded of greed and high-mindedness. We know that it included a League of Nations, in the event stripped of any real power, which included all the nations of the world willing to join it. We know that League accomplished little or nothing to prevent a second and worse conflict. We also know it served as a convenient but utterly feeble work-horse on which the great powers were able to unload their responsibilities.

After this war, therefore, we are confronted with a real alternative. Either we can set up a League of Nations—a federation—which truly can preserve the peace, or we must clearly burden the great powers, specifically and individually, with this same task. The first alternative means that every nation must yield some part of its sovereignty in the interests of the common welfare. There are no signs that any of the nations is really inclined to do this. The second alternative means that the world will be run by a sort of condominium, in which three powers will have substantially all the say—ourselves, Great Britain and Russia—with two other powers being given a look-in—China and France. This is the solution favored by our present leaders. It is a solution of force and of power politics. It is a solution which worked for a certain length of time after Napoleon's final defeat, and it is a solution which demands sacrifices only on the part of peoples so weak they cannot successfully set up an opposition. In the long run such a condominium is most likely to lead to another world conflict, since the moment its members seriously differ among themselves, its efficacy to preserve peace will be lost. But we must grant that it might well succeed in imposing peace for a longer time than twenty years.

Naturally the power politics climate toward which we seem inevitably to be moving must be distasteful to those who reflect upon its long-term implications, as well as upon the potential injustices and frustrations among the smaller peoples and nations of the earth. Yet since it possesses the attraction of a longer interval of freedom from war than we have known, it will certainly appeal to a terribly large majority among all of the powerful states. And this popular appeal—far more than the expressed opinions of Roosevelt or Churchill—is what leads to the conclusion that we can expect nothing better.

There seems to remain only one hope that in time the world's economy might shift toward a

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firmer foundation, a foundation based upon the federal idea, in which all of the earth's nations would participate in its government. This is to encourage the elaboration of what might be called autonomous international bodies having strictly limited purposes. If to existing international labor offices, plague commissions, scientific bodies we add a proliferation of similar agencies—agricultural, educational, medical, etc.—we shall at least be building up in men's minds an acceptance of a better international pattern, and we may hope that some day a majority, even of the élite, will be willing to accept true limitation of national sovereignty and hence a creation of order in the world, built upon something better than power alone, the tradition of Machiavelli alone. This is perhaps a bitter thing. Yet perhaps it is the best we can presently ask for.

Wanted: a Real Plan

ONE OF the major difficulties that confronts the United States was vividly dramatized by brief sit-in demonstrations by the workers in shutdown Brewster airplane plants in Pennsylvania and Long Island last week. There were a number of complicating factors in the Brewster situation, but the 13,000 workers involved did succeed in calling nationwide attention to the problem of war contract termination and resulting unemployment. Certain Washington observers, digging into the "cut-back" situation, even came to the conclusion that there would be serious local unemployment situations within the next few weeks, although the war continues at full tilt.

Be that as it may, there is no blinking the fact that demobilization as it is at present contemplated will leave vast numbers of idle hands. If one is as gloomy about the prospect as Mr. Leo Cherne in his current volume, "The Rest of Your Life," 19,000,000 is the net figure for the able-bodied unemployed expected to result from industrial and government demobilization. He bases this figure on estimates of the conservative Brookings Institution and the conclusion of the National Resources Planning Board that in any one year 4,000,000 workers are the maximum that could be absorbed by industry. The June 9 issue of *United States News* (also well on the conservative side of the line) places postwar unemployment somewhere around 10,000,000. It all goes back to the unsolved unemployment problem posed in the early 30's and heightened by the production efficiencies achieved under the impact of the war.

The observers who have come to these disturbing conclusions are also taking the contrary factors into account. The new cars, homes, radios, refrigerators, washing machines and other things millions of Americans will want. They are not forgetting either discharge pay from the armed services, dismissal pay from war industries, unemployment insurance benefits, war bonds and other savings piled up during wartime industrial expansion—all those things we are so hopefully banking on to produce a new peacetime production expansion never before dreamed of. But all these things, together with an expanded peacetime Army, Navy and Air Corps, new educational opportunities for service men, a back-to-the-land movement of sizable proportions, and a large program of public works simply do not provide a large enough total of jobs to absorb our manpower.

Is this a situation into which the American people, intent on the progress of our armies, is to allow the nation to drift? Is this the prospect with which we are willing to confront our returning servicemen? If not, what are we doing about it, now there is still some time?

There is the Committee for Economic Development, encouraging business men in all parts of the country to plan now considerably expanded peacetime development. An "economy of abundance" is a new American watchword. There is talk in government circles of a national road-building program of major dimensions. A limited number of local, state and federal public works are in the blueprint stage. But the National Resources Planning Board was jettisoned months ago, and there is no adequate over-all planning to confront the alarming prospect of industrial deceleration. We have not even heard of large-scale plans for American participation in reconstruction (beyond the UNRRA stage) of the vast areas blasted by bomb and battle. Leadership in a problem of this scope devolves first upon government, however much responsibility eventually shall reside in business, labor and local authorities.

Tricolor

ON JUNE 10, 1940, the Germans were less than thirty-five miles from Paris. France was defeated. The Germans knew this; the French knew this; the Italians knew this and, on June 10, 1940, declared war against France. A graceless gesture. On June 24, 1940, France, defeated, but not by Italian arms, signed an armistice with Italy in a villa outside Rome.

On June 5, 1944, General Juin, commanding the French troops which had fought with the Fifth American Army, stood with General Clark on the terrace of the Campidoglio. They looked out over Rome. The Roman crowds were in the streets, as once they had massed excitedly in the streets and for another purpose four years before. The British and American flags flew from the Campidoglio. The French flag flew beside them.

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Other Cities

ROME IS liberated and Rome is not destroyed. We are as happy as anyone in the world that this is so. The cities of Belgium are not liberated and many of them are partly destroyed; the cities of Holland, the cities of France, the villages, the towns, the cities of Europe are not yet liberated and already they are partly destroyed. The invasion has started and the liberation of the capitals and of the hamlets will be effected, the German armies and the German police will be driven out of the cities and out of the villages. We are as happy as anyone in the world that this will be so. The buildings grouped together into cities, hamlets, towns and villages—the building that is an isolated farmhouse—are the dwelling places of men and women. It was not possible for men and women to live in freedom in their dwelling places so long as the Germans occupied the cities, the villages, the farmhouse, so long as the Germans occupied the land surrounding the cities and the farmhouse, the fields which nourished the men and women in all the houses of the invaded countries. A war was needed, a war was worthwhile, a war was the only sacrifice great enough to make it possible for the men and women of Europe to live in freedom in their cities, in their houses. But the war is destroying their cities, their houses. The war is freeing people to wander about looking at the ruins of their houses, the hopeless ruins of their cities. But not in every case, not everywhere, not always.

Rome was saved. The liberation of Rome without a siege, without destruction, was decided by military considerations. The Allied forces avoided the necessity of fighting their way through a great city; the Germans avoided encirclement within a great city—they were given no choice in the matter from the moment the positions in the Alban hills were forced—the world avoided what it could ill afford to see destroyed. We are as happy as anyone, anywhere, that this is what happened.

We are happy that now it will be possible to discuss the fate of cities in general, of towns and villages in general, without having considerations which are peculiar to this one city Rome distort all thinking about the other cities, the other groups of houses—the isolated farmhouse—in which men and women live. We can now look at the ordinary cities, the cities without a Pope, the cities which are not, as Mr. Roosevelt called Rome, "in a sense, the Catholic Church." We can look at banal cities such as Brussels, Ghent, Liège and Charleroi in which whole districts have been reduced to rubble. We can look at the dull Belgian cities of Malines and Louvain of which a third or even a half has been destroyed. We can look at the Belgium we are liberating where "death and despair reign over practically the entire country" (Cardinal van Roey). In Belgium "the truth, as we have seen it with our own eyes, is that, except in a few rare cases where a small number of aircraft operating in daylight have hit their objectives without causing great damage, explosive and even incendiary bombs have been dropped blindly at random and without distinction, over densely populated agglomerations covering an area of several square kilometers" (Once again Cardinal Van Roey). We can look at Belgium and we can say with Cardinal Van Roey: "It is evident—we believe this and we do not shrink from declaring it—that essential and possible precautions are being neglected." We can read the appeal from the French hierarchy to the British and American hierarchies, an appeal to which the British replied saying that everything was all right, and to which the Americans, preoccupied exclusively with the fate of Rome, made no answer at all. And of course we can say that naturally the bishops in bombed countries wish the bombing would cease, and that naturally the bishops in the bombing countries feel that they should not interfere with military decisions, and that in any case the bishops of France and of Belgium are "collaborators," probably; but the greater, the real possibility is that the bishops in the bombed countries are speaking for the victims of the bombing, and that the bishops in the bombing countries do not like to hear the victims speak. Except of course when they are Romans. Leaving the bishops out of it, the facts remain and the question remains entire.

The question of the indiscriminate bombing and destruction of densely populated agglomerations, of those European cities and villages which are not in any "sense" at all the "Catholic Church," and in which live, and now are dying, ordinary and only occasionally heroic Frenchmen, ordinary and only occasionally heroic Belgians and Dutch, remains to be faced. We know that it will not be faced on moral grounds. We fear that it will not be faced and solved on considerations of long-time policy. The possibility, apparently, does not disturb us that the countries of Europe, their cities and the homes of their peoples destroyed, may be inclined to unite in the future against us rather than ever again face the ordeal of our liberating them. That, they say, is German propaganda; what does it matter? It does not matter. We agree. It is too late to argue.

In the cold technical intelligence of the military leaders lies our only hope. They have seen Cassino; they have won a battle which left Rome unscathed. They will instruct the bombers where to bomb. Perhaps they will instruct them to bomb the enemy forces. Perhaps something that is left of the cities may be saved.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Mood of Quebec

About several things, particularly anti-clericalism

Harry Lorin Binsse

TWO WEEKS ago I briefly outlined what seems to be the political situation in the Dominion. This week I want to elaborate a little on one matter I hinted at then—the increasing distrust and dislike of the United States. And I want to discuss a further phenomenon which for reasons of delicacy has been very little mentioned in print; the emergence over the last few years of a certain amount of anti-clericalism among the French Canadians.

Anti-American feeling in the Province of Quebec is by and large a new thing; it is cropping up in a number of different divisions of life, each tending to re-inforce the others, and for much of it we are ourselves responsible. Of course Catholic and French Quebec has a tendency to look a little askance at us, because we are English-speaking and because we are predominantly Protestant.

Our government is a secular government, in which Church and state are rigorously separate, whereas in Quebec, with all guarantees of freedom of conscience, there is an established Church —indeed two established Churches—and the Catholic Church conducts the public schools for Catholics. (There are also Protestant public schools for Protestants and Jewish schools for Jews.) As against this temperamental tendency, however, there are the facts of history. The US revolted against England, and anti-British sentiment among us has offered some sort of bond of friendship with French Canadian nationalism. The result of these counterbalancing emotional forces coupled with the presence in New England of many thousand Americans of French Canadian stock, has led the prevailing mood in Quebec until recently to be one of friendly indifference, always a little on guard against what is viewed askance in our social and political set-up.

It is probably true that the first active force to push this indifference toward hostility appeared in the field of organized labor and in industry. As I pointed out in these columns some five years ago, industrialism is a relatively new thing in the Province of Quebec. Indeed its emergence as the dominant economic pattern dates entirely from the years between the outbreak of the last war and the outbreak of the present war. Prior to 1914, Quebec was primarily an agricultural and mercantile area. The agriculture, of course, was not mechanized or predominantly commercial, but rather of the family-sustenance type. By *mercantile,* I mean that there existed a considerable merchant class, the function of which was to supply the population with the goods the population could not itself produce and to purchase from the population certain of its products which could be used for export.

A few industries—principally lumber and pulp wood—had long existed, and were important from the point of view of money, but not very important in the daily lives of the people. There was no particular need for labor organizations, and there was relatively little large foreign investment. With the coming of industrialism foreign investment greatly increased, and labor found it necessary to organize. A great deal of this investment came from the American money market, and to the extent that French Canadians have felt exploited by industrialism, they have put the blame for this exploitation upon the American companies involved, blaming also, and perhaps principally, British and English-Canadian companies.

Because of their deep devotion to their language, their culture and their socio-religious way of life, the French Canadian workers were inclined to be suspicious of international trade unionism, since they saw in it a movement dominated by English-speaking officers. The inclination was undoubtedly fostered both by politicians and by churchmen, who were sincerely fearful of the unwanted ideologies which they believed infested the international unions. Hence the Catholic syndicates were set up, and a strong propaganda was developed against international labor affiliation. In turn, the international unions in several fields have made strong attempts to organize French Canadian workers. This has done nothing to allay hostility. Unfortunately the Catholic syndicates, having had little experience of industrialist conflict, have not generally proved effective in dealing with industry, and unwittingly have allowed themselves to be only too open to the accusation of being company unions, or, at best, of making sweetheart contracts. The result has been a considerable weakening of the syndicates. On various occasions international unions have won real advantages for their members

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where the syndicates had tried and conspicuously failed. This was the case in the Montreal textile industry, and—early this year—in the Montreal street railways. The fact that the Catholic syndicates have not succeeded where the international unions have has produced a certain amount of anti-clericalism among industrial workers; at the same time it has exacerbated the anti-American feeling of those workers who continue to look askance upon the international unions. Paradoxically they are inclined to attribute the success of these internationals to anti-Catholicism and anti-French feeling on the part of the managers of industry (who are willing, they say, to make concessions to unions not under French control) rather than to the greater experience and better organization of these unions.

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In this field we must not overlook the part played by anti-Semitism. A number of the officers and organizers of international unions have been Jewish. The result has been that French Canadians have jumped to the conclusion that all international unions are controlled by Jews, just as they have been affected by European propaganda which represents international capitalism and investment as being Jewish-controlled. Add these to the firm belief that liberalism is a Jewish phenomenon, and you can see how there is a subtle yet sturdy connection between anti-Semitism and anti-Americanism. All this may sound perfectly fantastic to an American reader, and yet I can testify that it in fact represents a widely held view among many French Canadians, particularly among the middle classes and to some extent among the clergy.

I remember a few months ago paying a visit to a highly educated and cultivated French Canadian politician. In the course of conversation he asked me why it was that such papers as the *Nation* and the *New Republic* were so consistently hostile to the aspirations of his people. He added, "Of course I realize that they are owned and edited by Jews." I hastened to assure him that his assumption was not justified, but I am inclined to think that he did not believe me. This man was utterly convinced that international labor unions, large-scale capital enterprise, the liberal press, the State Department were all controlled either by Jews or by Masons—in any case by forces which were in his view anti-Catholic and anti-French.

I would not like to imply that there are no cultivated or intelligent people among French Canadians sufficiently critical and fair-minded to dismiss this weird blend of various propagandas for precisely what it is. Unfortunately this more intelligent group, while fully aware that their misled compatriots are wrong, are deeply hurt by the attitude of the American press toward French Canada. The unfortunate article in *Life,* which appeared some months ago, has not yet been forgotten, but has left deep scars of resentment. Articles in the *New Republic* and the *Nation* are likewise not forgotten. Wild accusations of fascism and anti-Semitism throughout our liberal papers are constantly galling. And the representatives sent to Canada by our newspapers and magazines are of a cultural calibre calculated not to foster any love of us in their personal contacts.

Add to all of these psychological factors the patronizing attitude and the ignorance of Americans regarding Canada's war effort, which has involved a far greater degree of personal sacrifice than has yet been exacted from Americans as a whole, and you can understand why both English and French Canadians are rapidly finding ground for agreement on this subject if on few others. The result is a remarkable increase in interest in Latin America, where Canadians believe they will find some sort of counterbalance against United States arrogance and imperialism.

I have indicated how a certain amount of unsuccess in the labor movement has produced hostility to the Church among certain of the urban industrial workers. It is well known that in Montreal the communists have some French Canadian support. But these are relatively unimportant phenomena, since they arise almost entirely from economic causes, and would quickly disappear with the removal of those causes. What is more significant is the appearance of anti-clericalism among younger members of the professional and middle classes. It is a strange phenomenon because it exists principally in circles where personal devotion to Christianity, where the cultivation of sanctity, are taken for granted. In other words, it is among the most devout and intelligent university graduates that you will find a peculiarly violent animosity to what they characterize as the financial corruption and self-seeking of the clergy.

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Of course such wholesale criticism is never founded in truth, but by the same token it is always based upon a certain amount of truth. In my opinion it arises as a subsidiary outcome of the change from a rural-mercantile economy to an industrial economy. Under the old economy, and for centuries, the Catholic clergy constituted a very fine and devoted leadership in French Canadian national life. In the country parishes the priest was far more than a priest. He was a counselor in business matters, he often labored hard to improve the economic lot of his parishioners, through him was channeled all social reform as well as supervision of an educational system which had to struggle against tremendous odds of poverty and indifference.

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We must always remember that after the British conquest of Canada, the bulk of the French élite elected to go back to France, whereas the bulk of the clergy remained. The clergy thus *became* the élite, since there was very little lay leadership left. In some ways the result was good. The level of public morals remained consistently high, given the isolation and rigors of daily life. But there was also a bad result, in that the Church tended to absorb to itself every aspect of organized social action. In the middle ages the spirit of the Church, at least theoretically, *informed* all corporate activity; in Quebec the Church directly *managed* all such activity; and there is a big difference between the two things. When a money economy appeared as a necessary result of industrialism, the long established habits of clerical management needed to be revised, and quite naturally they were not revised. There has therefore been something of a tendency for religious communities to go into business. As the money incomes of other professional men increased, there has been a tendency for priests, particularly in the cities, to feel that they also should have far greater incomes, incomes so great as to be out of all proportion either to the salaries of curates or to the wages of the generality of parishioners.

The result is exactly what you would have expected. Among those who take most seriously the ideals of the Gospel, there is deep resentment at what seems a denial of apostolic poverty. While at the same time the clergy, which finds its former leadership greatly diminished by the forces of industrialism, cannot see why it should deny itself either the relative social prestige or the relative economic status which have been its historic prerogatives—namely a status equal and superior to that of other professional men.

What will come of all this in the future must depend largely on the qualities of leadership in the hierarchy. The bishops are well aware of what is going on, and are anxious to remedy the situation. American Catholics particularly should make it their business to understand the phenomena I have been discussing, for by their sympathy they can do much to relieve tensions within the French Canadian people and to reduce hostility directed against the United States as a nation.

London Commentary II

J. L. BENVENISTI

I AM OFTEN asked by Americans whom I meet whether at the end of the war Britain proposes to give up her empire. The question is a puzzling one. It is much as though, having kicked Hitler down the stairs, or at any rate contributed very substantially to that operation, we were now expected at the first practicable moment to amputate our legs—presumably on the ground that these have no further function to perform. The logic is a little obscure, and I suppose the basic illusion lies in a failure to recognize that our legs are part of us. We cannot get rid of what we rather shamefacedly call our Empire, or if you prefer it, our Commonwealth, because we *are* the Empire. We are an organic community, however loose be the superficial political forms which bind us, and a severance of any part from the whole would weaken not only the whole but the part.

From Britain's point of view, of course, her connection with her empire is a condition of survival. Let us make no bones about it. We are a small country of 46 million inhabitants, and without the certainty of the free exchange of goods and services, in war as well as peace, within the Empire, and without the bases to safeguard that commerce, we could not today protect our independence. That argument, it is true enough, would be invalid, unless some countervailing advantage accrued to the other members of the Commonwealth, unless, in fact, it can be shown they would not be better off if they broke off the imperial connection.

Here obviously we are not concerned with the self-governing Dominions. That in their case the association with Britain is one of free and equal peoples is a fact known to most educated Americans. But there is another empire, that of the colonies and dependencies, where the British are definitely in the position of overlords and where, though there is a considerable and growing participation of native peoples in the business of government, anything that might legitimately be called self-government or self-determination is still a very long way off.

It is, of course, easy for the more facile type of American critic to damn us for that out of hand, and I am really beginning to believe from conversations that I have had that many Americans hold views something like this. They seem to think that, if left to themselves, even the most backward parts of our Empire would spontaneously generate a sort of "American way of life" complete with Rotary clubs, electric waffle irons and the Republican convention, and that this desirable consummation is corruptly and feloniously obstructed by the British, who care about nothing except wearing monocles and dressing for dinner in the jungle.

I can only say that those who believe this must be a quite exceptionally simple and gullible sort of people. The truth is that in many cases British rule, far from obstructing freedom, provides the only hope of any kind of glimmering of freedom for anybody, that it is the only foundation of such slight decency and enlightenment as there is, and that if it were to be removed, one of two alternatives would ensue. Either the people would re-

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lapse into the blackest kind of tyranny and barbarism, or they would simply fall under the dominion of some other power which would serve native interests no better than the British have done, and might quite possibly not serve them so well.

But I am anxious to dismiss considerations that are merely infantile and get down to bedrock, and there are, so far as I can see, only two ways of dealing with a colonial empire such as ours, containing, as it does, millions of people only a generation or two removed from tribal savagery. The first method is to send administrators out who will try to lay the foundations of a civilized way of living, who will seek to protect the sanctity of life, to lay the groundwork within the means locally available for some kind of public health system, and uphold the rule of an incorruptly administered law. Such men will, of course, accept the normal workings of the capitalist system. They will see nothing wrong in natives working for a relatively low wage to produce wealth for absentee capital, which by the way is not only British, but French, Dutch, American and everything else. But nevertheless they will (and do) protect the native from the grosser forms of oppression and exploitation. They will (and do) see that he is not robbed and cheated beyond certain limits. They will (and do) conceive of themselves as the protectors of his interests. They will (and do) conceive it as their duty to do all they can to raise his cultural and educational level.

This is the British method, and even hostile critics admit that British administrators live up to these principles tolerably well. Indeed one is constantly coming across the fruits of their effort, even here in Britain. I recently had occasion to lecture at an airfield to a group of young pilots in training, and among my audience were two young men who were quite the blackest things I have ever seen on this earth. After my talk, one of them put a question to me and in the discussion that ensued it was immediately apparent to me that I was dealing with a man of fine and critical mind. I asked the Education Officer, under whose auspices I work on these occasions, to tell me something about him. I learnt that he was a West African, the son of a native policeman, that he was considered not only a good pilot but a good fellow too, and that after the war he was returning among his own people to work for the raising of their material and educational standards. Now, I do not doubt for a moment that you could find in America innumerable educated Negroes playing a somewhat similar part, but the American Negro has been in contact with Western civilization for hundreds of years. I should rather like to know in what kind of devilish jungle darkness the grandparents of that young black flyer were living a hundred, or even fifty years ago. Yet here he was, this young man who had been educated and trained by Britain, playing his part as a full and valued equal in the midst of us.

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There is another matter which it is, I think, relevant for me to mention here. We are sometimes reproached with the alleged lack of loyalty and affection that was shown us in our darker hours in Burma and Malay. It is true that these peoples did not resist. But the reason they did not resist was simply because we had neither armed nor trained them. We had foolishly overestimated the strategic security of these territories—a very bad blunder, but one which, so far from implying harshness of rule, resulted from a typically British aversion to a militaristic outlook. America in the Philippines had fewer temptations to make that mistake. She trained and armed the Filipinos—with results that have earned them (and her) eternal glory. But the record of such native troops as Britain did arm and train is also uniformly excellent, and there is no reason to suppose that the standard would have fallen had she trained others.

Actually a legend has grown up concerning the Malayan and particularly the Burmese affair which is not only false, but cruelly false. It is the exact opposite of the truth. In Burma, for instance, during the whole of the jungle operations General Wingate had the cooperation of the Burmese villagers. These villagers knew perfectly well that General Wingate was not going to stay in that country and their help was given in the full knowledge of the bloody retribution it might ultimately entail at the hands of the Japanese. So much for British rule and the kind of testimony to which it can appeal.

There is, however, quite obviously another way of doing things, and if you want to read about it I refer you to an admirable little book by an experienced colonial journalist, Leonard Barnes, called "Soviet Light on the Colonies." Mr. Barnes's extremely readable book is a description of an imaginary journey through Africa by a visiting Soviet administrator who engages in spirited and highly entertaining conversations with the various British business men and administrators whom he meets there. Mr. Barnes is eminently fair to Britain, but it is quite obvious that Korolenko, the Russian traveler, thinks that his own country does things a great deal better and equally obvious that Mr. Barnes thinks so too, and we are treated throughout a large part of the book to long descriptions of the allegedly superior Russian way of doing things.

Now, quite frankly I find Korolenko's ideas (at least as stated by Mr. Barnes) enormously attractive. They may be summed up by saying that

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human and social energy can be generated at a higher potential than our Western democracies are doing it, by giving that energy the inspiration of a clear and explicit social purpose, and by making the individual feel not only that his contribution counts in that purpose but just how it counts. According to Korolenko (alias Mr. Barnes) it is by the application of these principles that Soviet Russia has lifted the backward peoples in her Asiatic territories within the space of half a generation to a cultural and intellectual level which entitles them to rank as the full equals of any other citizen of the Soviet Union.

Now, I have not the least idea whether what Mr. Barnes says about Soviet Russia is true or not. The whole thing for aught I know may be a pack of lies. I have not been to Russia and I do not know. But that does not alter the fact that the principle seems on the face of it to be an intelligent and even an inspiring one.

Yet there is one thing about this principle that is crystal clear. It is utterly incompatible with capitalism and the capitalistic wage system. If a man is working for a private employer, then it is a psychological fact that, in normal circumstances at any rate, he cannot be persuaded that he is working for anything else than the profit of that employer, even when that employer's profit is a relatively insignificant fraction of his total costs. It is even more impossible to do this if employers and employed are separated by the color bar which, according to Korolenko-Barnes, a great corporate purpose can break down, but which is heightened and reinforced by the restrictionist tendency and group antagonisms inherent in the capitalist order. In other words, the mere presence even of the elements of capitalism is an insuperable obstacle to applying the solution concerning which Mr. Barnes is so enthusiastic.

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Here, then, I come to the root of my dilemma. There seem to be two possible policies to be applied toward the backward races of the earth. One is the British policy; the other is the Barnes-Korolenko policy, which is, I suppose, at any rate in theory, the communist policy. Both policies make sense after a fashion. I might even be prepared to concede that what I have called the Barnes-Korolenko policy makes quite a lot of sense. There is no other policy that I have ever heard of that makes any sense at all.

So I am driven to ask this question. Since they are critical of the British policy, and since no other country is in the least likely to improve on the way that the British are applying it, am I to infer that it is the communist policy that Americans want Britain to adopt? I should be frankly surprised if I were told that it was. But perhaps I have some surprises coming to me. Perhaps even now the stock market operators of Wall Street are singing the Internationale in their bath. If so I should be delighted to hear about it. Not because I necessarily approve of communism, but because I take pleasure in the contemplation of logical conduct and logical thinking, and the attitude of certain Americans will in that case be perfectly logical and we shall all know where we are. Failing that, I shall continue in my present state of mystification.

The great stumbling block about the Empire for the liberal minded American is, of course, India, and there is no question whatever—nor does any Englishman, as far as I know, any longer dispute this—that in justice India's claim to self-government is unanswerable. All that Britain is standing out for is that it really shall be self-government, and for the moment it has been beyond the wit of man to discover how Indian self-government is to be achieved; for self-government does mean, paradoxical as this may sound, that the people shall govern themselves, at least to that limited extent to which this condition obtains in the European and American democracies. Now, the key principle of democracy in the West is simply that minorities shall acquiesce in the rule of the majority and that the majority shall not act in a manner which the minority cannot tolerate. That condition obtains in America and the democracies of Europe, and it is simply a matter of cold hard fact that it does not obtain in India. The huge cleavages of culture and religion in India have been temporarily bridged by British rule, and the fact that these different and hostile groupings have hitherto failed to agree upon a constitution which would be acceptable to them all proves only too clearly that there is at present no other force than Britain capable of sustaining any kind of harmony between them.

Let it, however, be quite clear that immediately India can agree on a constitution acceptable to all parties, the British will go, and should she desire it, will give India full rights to secede from the Commonwealth. Such secession might gravely injure Britain's interests, but we owe it to India and are determined to go through with the business if called upon. This was emphatically stated in the offer which Sir Stafford Cripps took to India in 1942, and was underlined by him at his Delhi press conference when he publicly declared: "The Dominion will be completely free either to remain within, or to go without the Commonwealth of Nations." No one has any right to doubt the sincerity of this undertaking.

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Whether the departure of the British from India will really increase the total volume of happiness there, whether it will contribute anything to the solution of India's cardinal problem,

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and whether the solution adopted by whatever Indian government may then be in power will meet with the approval of mankind is a matter concerning which the prudent will, I think, reserve their judgment. As long as the British are in India, they can be blamed for everything—from crop failures to excessive working hours in purely Indian firms—and those whose grievance is simply against the harshness of nature and their failure to subdue it sufficiently to sustain life, whose grievance is, in fact, against the perennial poverty of the East, can be rallied under a common flag with millionaire industrialists. If the British ever go, the cardinal problem of Indian poverty will still remain, as will also the huge divergence of interests between the forces of Indian large scale and petty capitalism and hereditary privilege on the one side, and the great Indian mass on the other.

For the vast problem of Indian poverty is simply the problem of a huge population pressing on the means of subsistence. In the past ten years alone the population of India has increased by fifty millions, a fact which is really a tremendous tribute to the security of life under British rule. This problem of a sheer super-abundance of mouths is further aggravated by the petty parasitism of rack-renting landlords and peasant-bleeding moneylenders, and perhaps you will hold against the British that they have not done more to combat the latter. But this is after all an Indian affair, an affair in which millions of Indians have a vested interest, and one which even at this moment they largely have the constitutional means of remedying if they wish. For people who perpetually blame Britain for interfering too much in Indian affairs it seems a little illogical suddenly to turn round and blame her for not interfering enough.

There are, it is true, strong political currents in India which are trying to get justice for the peasant and improve his security and conditions of tenure. Unfortunately even a considerable improvement in the condition of the peasant does not by any means provide India with a satisfaction of her essential need. For that need is not just the prosperity of the cultivator, but the provision of an adequate food supply for her whole population. To such provision there are gigantic obstacles. The present system of land tenure is only one of them. There is also an incredibly backward agricultural technique, which is linked in many ways with the persistence in India of religious traditions and vested religious interests,[1] often to our mind of a corrupt and degraded character. To this I might add that adequate health standards are gravely impeded by such practices as child marriage and the attainment of even elementary social justice is made impossible under the caste system.

I am quite certain of this. To carry through the revolution which would secure for the peoples of India what we in the West would consider a reasonable standard of wellbeing, and which would in particular enable the soil of India to provide her people with an adequate standard of diet, would involve a "liquidation of the Kulaks," compared with which the Russian affair would look like a boy scout picnic,[2] and a persecution of religion, and of religious traditions and practices, that would cause the ordinary liberal Westerner's hair to stand on end.

Now I ask quite simply, without irony, and without any trace of rhetorical questioning, whether that is what Americans want and expect of us. Actually I don't think it is, but my impressions may be quite wrong. In any case I do suggest that those who judge us might find it worth their while first to know something about us and about what we are up against. The British Empire is a very big thing. It is also a relatively young and new thing. It is quite different from anything that has ever existed before. Surely, it is worth a little study.

1) An interesting example of religious influences on agricultural technique is referred to in K. S. Shelvankar's "The Problem of India." The sanctity of the cow prevents any rational management of herds. Hindu cultivators will not send superfluous cattle to the slaughterhouse, so that there are now said to be about 125 millions of them, involving an annual waste of some 500 million dollars.

2) What I have here written receives almost startling confirmation in an article which has just appeared in the *Economist* discussing the so-called Bombay or Birla-Tata plan put forward by certain industrial interests in the Indian Congress Party for raising Indian productivity and national income. The *Economist* calls attention to the particularly ruthless state capitalism which is the essence of the plan, and plainly indicates that it could not be carried through save by a compulsory curtailed consumption of a horribly drastic kind. The writer says, "There may even come a moment when English Socialists and Liberals who have called for so long for the end of imperialism may ask for its continuance in some form to save the Indian people from exploitation." The last word is certainly justified by the fact that the "plan" has not even the merit of being carried through in the framework of a socialist ideology, but is the work of large profit-earning concerns, though for the Indan peasant it will, of course, make little difference whether he is liquidated for the sake of big business or in the sacred cause of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Male Choir

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

THE WORDS of the *Te Deum Laudamus* floated over the worshippers. The soprano carrying the words of praise to God was not that of a woman. A boy's voice trilled down from the gallery.

The pastor did not like classical music, so he said, nor did the liturgical Introits, Glorias and Agnus Deis in song inspire him greatly. He was satisfied with a quiet service, briefly and speedily carried out, so that his hard-working farmers and townspeople could get back to what duties and responsibilities they had. But when a worn-out

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music teacher from the east came out to the Nebraska farmlands to regain his strength, and then stayed on, Father Hannigan did not refuse his offer to direct the choir. The Sisters had already given up doing much with music. Louis Kochinski's leadership was responsible for St. Vincent's male choir, something rare in the rural districts.

High in the loft, at the back of the church, the choir sat harmonizing with the boy soprano. Mike Harris's basso pumped in more like a bull frog calling its mate than human sounds. Mike drank whiskey to help him to the lower notes. "Nothing tunes up a man's sounding board like a drink of good stout rye," he had said once.

"Tu Rex gloriae, Christe," the choir sang.

A dirty sparrow had come into the church through an opened window. The bird flew back and forth between the main altar and the choir loft with a kind of base perch somewhere in the main altar, on St. Michael's head, perhaps. In flying back and forth the bird hugged the ceiling and always passed directly over the singers.

"Et benedic haereditati tuae," and Mike raised his book and swung at the helpless bird. Louis Kochinski turned from the organ, trying to stare him down, but when the bird returned again Mike swung at it more fiercely. The choir leader thought of a Psalm, "The swallow has found a nest, even thine altars, . . ." or something like that. With the last note of the song the bird found its perch and sat there quietly for the rest of the Mass. It was as if the song had told it of freedom. Now that it was over it sat helplessly in its strange prison. At least that was what Louis was thinking.

Louis looked over his choir of twelve men. That any music at all could come from them was a miracle. He had taught them the correct Latin. He had taught them how to sound the words clearly. He had taught them to place their tones. For months he had been fighting against their tendencies to sing the Kyrie Eleison as if it were a cowboy song, or a hill-billy tune, or jive music. He knew none of them could really handle any popular tune at all but he believed they thought they might. Often he was aware of someone attempting to cast a croon or hot movement into the service. In time all had come to respect his authority.

There were the two Baumgardner brothers, William and Fred, first tenors, Fred's voice an echo of his brother's. William struck the notes and Fred seemed to climb upon them. The two men lived alone on a farm back in the hills. Near the same age, William, though he was the younger, seemed naturally to assume leadership. Fred did the cooking and housework, though he farmed too. The men were so close in companionship that one was never seen without the other. "I'll ask William," Fred always answered to questions put to him. He was reported to have "no mind of his own." But he did, and it was that mind that made him value his brother, the one for the impractical dreamer, the religious who dragged his brother William to Masses more often than he would care to go, and the other practical and hard-headed. Fred was the best singer. Often Louis Kochinski had tried to make him sing out but in time he realized that making Fred the leader in singing would disturb one of nature's plans.

Mr. Gilliland, the second tenor, was the silent member of the group. He was County Recorder and only came to church because he felt it was good for him politically. He often felt that the choir loft was not the place to get votes, but something about the singing appealed to him and in spite of his slow advances in learning he labored on with the group. He could read notes and handle his parts as well as could be expected.

Then there were the five younger boys. Between them they could handle any parts for women's voices, if the Mass was written that way. Jerry Malone, the leading soprano, was a spoiled little youngster. His mother had taught him music ever since he first learned to talk. He was neat, orderly, well-mannered, but as he sat in the loft, Louis felt his arrogance. Somehow all the qualities of the boy's singing were lost on the choir director because Jerry sang for show. The music seldom carried him. Yet there were times when the songs would do just that to him. Louis could notice how the boy fought against what he knew was overpowering him, the simple force of a melody. When Jerry had momentarily been carried away, he appeared humble. Then the old arrogance quickly returned.

One of the boys was a noisy fellow who could not be still for a minute. Louis thought he had some physical ailment for no human being could naturally be as active as that child. Another one of the boys was dirty and unkempt. There was a faint odor of fried food or pancakes on his clothing. He always needed a bath. Jerry Malone usually sat far away from this boy. Little Ignatius Fullmer's voice was good but weak in tempo. The boy was a lonely dreamer and many times when the choir had cut a passage short, Ignatius's voice kept on serenely like a stuck key in the organ. One of the boys was a vapid blustery sort. But with all their failings, Louis Kochinski had had to choose the best from what was available and this had been what he received. He believed sincerely that anyone could sing if he put his mind to it. But he believed more than that. He believed that the natural music would sing itself, and especially the traditional Masses.

The two first basses were German farmers living close to town, one south and the other north, but it seemed that Mass was the only time they could get together. "Yah, he had trouble with old Krekow yesterday. . . . Et cum spiritu tuo," and "It's worth more dan twenty dollars, you bet. I sold mine for tirty. . . . Habemus ad Dominum." "My wife she don't like to go to town much. Maybe I should be glad, yah?" "Willie was there in the beer yoint. . . . Dignum et justum est." Louis could never keep these two centered on the Mass. The talk bothered him as talk, but it made his temper rise when it went against the rhythm of the song. Yet, strangely, these men never lost their places. One of them had to wear powerful glasses, and held the score in his hands merely for the looks of things. Once he learned a part he remembered it. He could sing his bass from a soprano score. Once the other farmer had told Louis that he could not sing well that day because he couldn't get the din of the wood saw out of his ears. But there

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they were, no power on earth could force them to leave what they had offered to do.

Mr. Matlock, a second bass—Mike Harris was the other—could play all kinds of instruments, horns, fiddles, and even the piano. But no one ever heard him in public. His family alone suffered the pains of Matlock's musical interests. But Mr. Kochinski knew all about it. He had helped the man with the piano. Deep in the soul of the huge man was gentleness. He longed for better things. He wanted to listen to good music, to read good books, and see fine paintings but instead his life became a round of chores, duties to perform, and usually back-breaking toil. The church and his music became his salvation.

They were men with gusto, men that drank and caroused, men who bragged and boasted, men who were humble and shy, men who were well known about town, and men who never were seen on the streets. But they all came together in the choir of St. Vincent's church, under the direction of Louis Kochinski.

The Screen

Pipes Through Which the Breath of Pan

TWO NEW WAR films typify the latest cinema trends in portraying today's heroes. "The Story of Dr. Wassell" glorifies one man of heroic stature. "The Eve of St. Mark," while showing how one soldier fits into the scheme of things, really sings of the group as hero.

"The Story of Dr. Wassell" is by no means a movie about one man winning the war. It is a film (based mainly on fact) about a very modest man, a country doctor from Arkansas, who went to China several years ago to help with the much needed medical work there. At the outbreak of the war, he joined the navy and was assigned to caring for our wounded in Java. Then on February 6, 1942, he was put in charge of the casualties from the *Marblehead* who were removed to the Javanese interior. When the Japs landed on Java and advanced across the island, Dr. Wassell prepared to evacuate his charges, but was shocked to hear that only the walking wounded would be removed. Rather than desert the ten bed-ridden men, Wassel stayed with them and finally, after severe hardships, succeeded in getting his group to Australia in safety. His is a story of great ingenuity and fortitude. Dr. Corydon M. Wassell is one of the few war heroes to be singled out for special mention by President Roosevelt on the radio; and it was the President's citation that inspired Producer-Director Cecil B. DeMille to make this film. The script was written by Alan LeMay and Charles Bennett from the facts gathered from Wassell and some of the wounded men and from the story as written by James Hilton.

While the high quality of DeMille's fine production makes a worthy tribute to the outstanding hero and slights no gory detail of the grueling adventures through which he and his men went, I found the film rather wearing at times. Gary Cooper as the courageous commander is a stalwart figure and properly unassuming, but in the flash-backs that show the doctor's experiences in China and the thwarted courtship of the nurse played by Laraine Day, Cooper's confused coyness gets somewhat heavy. The script in these flashbacks is none too certain of its intentions either. Then there is great to-do about the ten men who were saved by Wassell's inspiring perseverance. We come to know them well, too well, through character build-ups, and they seem more movie-ish than real. Their added romances with the Dutch nurse (Signe Hasso) and the Javanese woman, known by the fantastic name of Three Martini (Carol Thurston), constitute an extraneous glamor note. The horseplay among the boys detracts from the serious story. No doubt many of the details are based on the real thing, or are typical of what does happen under such circumstances. But heightened by technicolor, some of Hollywood's handsomest lads and a variety of lowbrow touches, this film becomes rather message-to-Garcia. I should like to know what Commander Wassell himself thinks of it. In any case, if the film helps to popularize the story of this hero and helps to make civilians aware of what they owe the fighting men, it accomplishes a great purpose and deserves the large box-office backing it's bound to get.

While *"The Eve of St. Mark"* can be criticized for being a filmed play and for idealizing many of its situations, this movie manages to say things about the war, about camp life, about soldiers' attitudes toward civilians and about civilians concerned with their men in the army, that very few other films have bothered with or stated so well. Maxwell Anderson's play, which first appeared two years ago, has remained in my estimation the best play about this war. And the movie made from it, although it is at times static and uncinematic, stands as one of the best of the war films. I don't know why Producer William Perlberg and Director John M. Stahl felt that they had to be so faithful to the original. One of the great advantages of cinema is that the camera can move and tell much of the story. George Seaton, who wrote this script, followed Anderson's opus as closely as the Hays Office would permit. He has added little and the effect is rather theatrical. However the characters are warm and human and win our interest and sympathy.

The parents on the farm (Ray Collins and Ruth Nelson) are somewhat baffled at having a son grown up enough to be in the army. These parents too are heroes in their way and one feels keenly for them at the film's

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end when the missing-in-action notice arrives just as a younger son announces his enlistment. We also feel warmly toward the girl whom their son would have married had he returned. She is so honestly and simply played by Anne Baxter that she seems like the girl next door. Simplicity marks William Eythe's performance in the lead rôle too. As the private, whose life was thrown into a turmoil by the war as were so many lives, he is an average young man, quiet, considerate, thoughtful and also baffled by the times. He prefers to remain true to the girl he left behind, but he is not shocked by the tactics of his camp mates: Private Mulveroy (Michael O'Shea, as the film's best comedy) or Private Marion (Vincent Price, as a decayed Southern aristocrat who recites T. S. Eliot on occasion and cynically wonders how close he has to come to death before he has earned the right to live). Although camp life as portrayed in this film is not new to the movies, the visualization has caught well the spirit of the barracks. I found the script's (and Mr. Anderson's) use of the word "ruttin' " got rather tiresome, but I thought the poetically realistic speeches used by the soldiers an interesting artistic device even if they weren't in the true vernacular. The scene on the Pacific island with the remnants of our heroic group discussing whether they should continue to defend their position is one of the best and frankest scenes of this kind that I have ever seen in films. It shows what heroes are made of. In fact all of "The Eve of St. Mark"—the episodes of the farm, the camp, the bar, and the battle—makes a composite picture of heroism in wartime and merits the consideration of thinking audiences.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

"Letters to the English"*

JEAN C. DE MENASCE

BY TURNS touching and bitter, impassioned and sarcastic, violent and sly, Mr. Bernanos certainly has eloquence—the eloquence of a young man entering life, his mouth full of insults. It is impossible for me to determine whether he is gifted with inextinguishable adolescence or suffers from an adolescence which has come inordinately late. Let him explain this phenomenon who can. Be that as it may, in spite of his sixty years Bernanos shows all the qualities and all the defects of great big grownup children; they are heroic and unfair, they move one's emotions profoundly, but how, oh how exasperating they are! Continually one would like to approve, continually to contradict, continually to distinguish, to get away from all this black, all this white, to explain; and all the time, always, one would like to console the man himself—so close is he to tears in his fury and violence.

He is quite right in storming at Maurras and all of his lot; those cold, critical, pitiless intelligences who mocked, insultingly, a people's conscience as it sought to express itself in political, democratic and not always precise slogans. He knows that a people is always more generous than theologically precise. But even when the Pope condemned it, did not he himself belong to the Party of those who jeered and mocked? No matter how pedantic and senile I must appear, I believe that our times need not heroism alone, nor only honor and personal loyalties; we need clearness, truth and wisdom. Many Christians are willing to give twenty-five dollars to the poor; very few are willing to pay twenty-five dollars in taxes for social insurance systems which protect the poor. Without losing its generosity, our Christian charity must lose all of the easy pride, the easy satisfaction, which come to it through personal contacts. This transformation is a difficult one to effect, and nothing in this book by Mr. Bernanos assists us in the task of effecting it. On the contrary.

Mr. Bernanos has nothing but disdain for nazism. Bravo. But how fight the biological racism of the nazis with a new racism—be it Celtic or Frank? And Bernanos's racial feeling comes often to the surface when it is a question of Italians, Jews or Levantines. Consider this approach to Maurras: "A great French writer, who unfortunately traces his descent from inferior Arabic and Levantine stock [has his vulgar and cruel ideas] not, as no doubt he imagined, on logical grounds, but as a direct result of his own racial inheritance."

Very correctly, Mr. Bernanos characterized as cowards or fools those people of the Right who kept shouting: "Rather Hitler than Blum." But unless my memory fails, I remember having read, in Italy, a letter from Mr. Bernanos to an Italian general asking the protection of an Italian ship for his wife—he was still in Majorca—and, at that time, apparently convinced that it would be dishonorable to place himself under the protection of his own flag. Had not France dishonored herself by entrusting her destiny to the Jew, Blum? In short, Bernanos's honor seems to me generous and impulsive, but undiscerning. Not only was his loyalty not "the blind confidence of a sick man infatuated with his physician"; it was not even that of "a soldier who follows his leader."

But let us leave these personal questions. I submit that it is in his best pages that he provides the most dangerous temptations. Constantly he seems to be forcing us into dilemmas, for instance that of bureaucracy versus the hero: "The taxpayers accustomed to tremble in front of a wicket, or harassedly to decipher, their brows covered with sweat, the incomprehensible ukases of a host of anonymous fuehrers, will one day or another make excellent cattle for the totalitarian herds. I may even add that through hatred for the hypocritical dictatorship of government offices, it could happen that violent men would dream of finding themselves a master, a living master, in whose veins runs blood and not ink." This temptation must be overcome; but in his defense of the adolescents Mr. Bernanos ends up by helping the Deweys. He is right in saying that by our personal or collective capitulations the door is opened wide to encroachments by the state, and that too paternalistic a state risks transforming us into irresponsible and selfish children: "They will continue to wax fat at the expense of the wretched and the poor, but in its asylums the state will take care of the poor devils they have ruined; they will procreate children, but the state will pay for prenatal care, will pay for lying-in,

*PLEA FOR LIBERTY. *Georges Bernanos. Pantheon.* $3.00.

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will pay for the wet-nurse, will pension the brat off and will decorate his progenitors; they will chop down trees, dry up wells, poison rivers, but the collectivity will assume the cost of reforesting. . . . In short, they will practice all the vices, but the state would guarantee them against the consequences." Here again it is not only that men's consciences must be brought to bear on their social and civic duties; the true Christian must strive also toward insuring an implementing power in laws, customs and in institutions. We are not at all forced to choose between the nineteenth century barons and some absurdly paternalistic state; there is, for instance, the New Deal (TVA) and the education of a social conscience. Is Mr. Bernanos a demagogue?

He seems also to oppose the heroic and Christian ideal to social planning. I agree with him when he states that the people have in them something that is childlike: "By saying to themselves that the people are children, the fools renew their confidence in themselves, whereas they should tremble. They mistake a child for a little monkey; the most generous among them go no further than wishing the people enough to fill their bellies . . . Are those peoples beggars?" Social peace, interracial peace will be no more than a deceptive peace if material progress alone is offered. No program will command the loyalties of the peoples if not suffused with heroism, nobility and justice. "Humanity does not live by bread alone"; it must live in grandeur. "In vain did the Empire pour forth its laws, its bureaucrats and its gold. As between Christianity and the Empire, the disinherited masses put their trust in Christianity because it paid them honor." But this humanistic heroism, this heroism made up of kindness and civic and fraternal friendship, must be not only a ferment in our hearts but must activate all the structure of the state and all the mechanism of economic life. We must not forget that man today is better than the society in which he lives; Mr. Bernanos is traveling a dangerous path when he writes: "Even today, confronted with the greatest catastrophes in history, you hardly ever hear these wretches say that they will tomorrow force themselves to change, they will become better. Not themselves do they dream of reforming but rather the constitution of the state. They hope at last to discover a miraculous system of law which shall be just and reasonable." Naturally. "Before racking your brains to choose from among the political and social systems which the lawyers lay before you, you will remember that no laws can indefinitely make up for the decay of spirits and hearts." But that is no reason to roar with laughter and to call us donkeys when "committees of psychologists will argue with committees of moralists and committees of theologians until the citizens' every last indefeasible right be warranted by half a score of government offices open daily from nine until five excepting, of course, for Sundays and holidays."

On one last point I would like to note a difference of opinion between this writer and myself. I have the impression that his ideal of heroism and his rage against mediocrity may well lead toward an inhuman society. I think that the Church shows us the true path when she articulates mysticism and heroic asceticism to casuistry; our social ideal must leave the door open to heroes and to their careers (naturally I am speaking of a heroism of life and of kindness, and not of one concerned with death and hatred), but, to the greatest extent possible, it must maintain the stragglers in contact with the advance guard. I believe that Bernanos would profit could he see in casuistry the putting into concrete application, as it were, of Christ's spirit. "I do not break the bruised reed." No, we and the "Reverend Fathers" in pursuing our clumsy and tentative search for the minimum and the lesser evil, are not betraying our Master.

I would like to quote a few passages which should make every Christian, whether of the laity or clergy, bow his head in shame: "If after two thousand years of Christianity it still required all the learning of the doctors to establish that 2 and 2 make 4, that is, that you are not free to perjure yourself, or to shoot down innocent people, or to solve the Jewish problem through the extermination of the Jews, or to open new outlets by means of hyperite mustard gas, we should have to despair of Christianity . . . there is nothing which can mend or even palliate the vast scandal that universal Christianity has just given the world. For the real scandal is not the war; it is the anarchy of Christian consciences which the war suddenly stripped bare." That is true. Alas, very true.

It should be said that Harry Lorin Binsse may be congratulated for a brilliant translation which preserves the verve and pace and vigorous sap of the original. The task must have presented very exceptional difficulties.

Editors' Choice

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR PEACE. *André Visson. Viking.* $3.00.
TRANSIT. *Anna Seghers. Little.* $2.50.
DRINK FROM THE ROCK. *The Catholic Poetry Society of America* (386 *Fourth Avenue, New York*). $1.50.

Some of the Hard Nuts

MANY of the current volumes on the making of the peace, it would seem, grapple with the organizational mechanics of the coming postwar world, its general security, its governance, its establishment of a going economy and the like. Yet at Versailles, and eventually, if not immediately, after the present holocaust, specific settlements on matters of detail rather than aspects of the general international structure will take up most of the attention of the various negotiators. It is with such matters that André Visson's "Coming Struggle for Peace" has to do.

He expressly excludes the German problem from his considerations and he barely touches on the future of the Far East, yet Mr. Visson adverts to many current and impending political difficulties Americans would tend to overlook. Everyone thinks of conflicting interests among the new Big Three, and occasionally if vaguely of the Baltic and the Balkans. But even more tortuous perhaps than any of these is the problem of the Arab world and the various sore spots in the Near East generally. Even French North Africa presents a problem.

André Visson writes about these things in an easy, readable manner. He seems content to present the difficulties and say that they must be solved. He presents the political activity of the Vatican in an understanding

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and favorable light, even to the extent of voicing some expectation of a Danubian or Balkan Federation of the type which he asserts to be favored by the Vatican and thus far opposed by Joseph Stalin. And he is hopeful, as are we all, of an eventual agreement between the Kremlin and the Vatican.

The author does not go in for generalities much, but here is one that covers a lot of territory. He asserts that in dealing with peoples of other countries the Germans have for years—not just recently—wanted to be feared, British respected, while the French and Americans are alike in wanting to be loved. If he bases this latter observation on his own contacts, Mr. Visson must be moving in charmed circles over here. No doubt we have a good conscience where most other peoples are concerned, but do we not hold ourselves rather contemptuous of their opinions? Do we not hold the rest of the world rather ignorant and behind the times in comparison with ourselves?

Standing in Line

THE REFUGEES waited in Marseilles, and in those days Marseilles was not being bombed; they waited in line in front of a collection of consulates; they dropped the pennies of their patience into the administrative slot machines and most of the time the ticket would come out telling their fortune—their ill-fortune—but sometimes a bell would ring for the jackpot and out would come a visa. When they ran out of what is needed to play the machines, when they were short of a birth certificate, of an exit permit, of a steamship passage, of a photograph, of a clean police record (delivered of course by the non-existent archives of some burned and gutted town hall) then there was nothing left for them to do but to annotate the silences with their talk that no one listened to.

One of the errors into which fall Americans of good will toward the refugees—an error into which Anna Seghers scrupulously and persistently does not fall—is to see them all as fine and interesting people, almost heroic people, standing bravely in a dark hour. Indeed it is brave to withstand, in whatever manner, by whatever subterfuges, the cruel fate that is theirs. But the deepest misery in having been beaten so long a time as they have been beaten by both cruelty and indifference (red tape) consists, very often, in being reduced to a state of indignity which is interesting perhaps in a clinical sense but not interesting dramatically. The extremes of misery cannot be sustained for more than a certain length of time. Many refugees who have waited for years until we are now in this country getting round to a discussion of the Grafton Plan for free ports, or havens, or sanctuary for refugees have become in their appearance, hopes and conduct rather drab, repetitive in their talk. In Samuel Grafton's phrase, "a place to sit down" is all they want.

So that this novel of Anna Seghers which describes some of them with, one supposes, a certain accuracy is not filled with dramatic, or fine, or even particularly interesting characters. It is possible to imagine, and even to be sure, that the earlier lives of these people—before they had stood so long in line before the Marseilles consulates—possessed moments of sufficient intensity to narrate dramatically. But by the time they reach the pages of "Transit" it has become almost impossible to make them interesting as individuals. Moreover, the leading personages are German and when Germans are miserable they lack—at least in literature—the Russian charm.

Consequently it has become impossible to be interested in their relationships, especially in the love story, concerning which one's indifference equals that felt by the hero, the heroine and the heroine's lover. It does not seem to matter what these people do, and that perhaps is what the consuls also felt as they appeared before them begging for visas. Yet in the creation of this dense, stifling atmosphere of futility and defeat lies the author's success. There is truth in this automatism, in this hallucination of a collectivity going through the hopeless (never entirely hopeless) motions which might free its human components to live once again in the daylight they remember.

Second Milestone

IT IS ten years now since the Catholic Poetry Society of America has published its bi-monthly magazine, *Spirit*. After the first five years of publication, it issued a volume of poems which in the opinion of a representative board of editors contained the finest achievement of that period. Now a second and similar collection of 98 poems makes its appearance. It is a distinguished collection, chiefly of lyrics, but likewise including a number of longer poems which could scarcely be so described. Certainly one of the merits of such magazines as *Spirit* is that they offer the possibility of publication for poems longer than what the ordinary magazine will accept, and this is no small merit, for the brevity of so much contemporary verse tends to become monotonous and even tends to give the impression that poetry is what might be called "filler art."

The very fact that the excellent selection is made by a group of people means that it represents a certain diversity of taste, and if a reviewer does select for special commendation one or two or more poems, he runs the risk of giving his readers a false perspective upon the volume under consideration. Yet even at this risk one or two of the poems in "Drink from the Rock" seem to have so broad an appeal that they can be quoted without too great a risk of misrepresenting the whole collection. Certainly James L. Duff's "Grace Before Planting in Wartime" is in this category.

God, in this bitter hour
  When skies are dark with doom
By Thy almighty power
Bring Thou this seed to flower:
  Bless leaf and bud and bloom.

Thou, Grain and Growth and Grower,
  Thou, Godhead, Three in One,
Bless seed and sod and sower,
Bless scythe and sheaf and mower,
  Bless worker and work done.

Among the poets whose work is included in this volume are a number familiar to readers of THE COMMONWEAL. We find such names in the index as Theodore Maynard, John Duffy, Sister Mary St. Virginia, Fray Angelico Chavez, Albert Clements, Jessica Powers and many more. We also find in even greater number names which will be perhaps unfamiliar to our readers. And as one reads the book through, one cannot help being impressed with the uniformity of its excellence. Nowhere does one feel that an infelicitous or amateurish note is struck. If one is to make a criticism, it is rather that the high level of general excellence serves as no foil to any special jewels; very few of these poems stand out from the multitude and strike both mind and heart. The high general level is too

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unrelieved either by mediocrity or by supreme excellence.

"Drink from the Rock" certainly reflects the days and years in which we have lived. Constantly we hear echoes of war and cruelty and disaster. Constantly we are reminded where lies the only balm for the wounds of our time. Only occasionally do we find a poem which seems at all aloof. For today's readers this, of course, adds interest and meaning. Will it tend in the long run to make these verses date?

To the actual text of the poems, Miss Helen C. White has written an introduction. As she points out herself, this introduction is really a review of what has appeared in *Spirit* and stresses its firmly critical approach to poetry. It was written without knowledge of which poems the judges would include in "Drink from the Rock." Miss White admirably summarizes and underlines the real achievements of the Society, particularly its teaching role, but her paragraphs possess none of the sparkle or loving care in phrasing which are so markedly characteristic of the verse they introduce.

The Catholic Poetry Society is certainly to be congratulated for what it has done. It has maintained a level far above the mediocrity which characterizes so much occasional verse. Its standards have been high and have been rigorous and have been adhered to. "Drink from the Rock" is its fitting monument.

More Books of the Week

It All Goes Together. Selected Essays by Eric Gill Devin. $3.50.

THE proper way to read any collection of essays—unless they are all on one main subject—is to take them one at a time with an interval between each reading. Moreover, even when a single main subject is treated in a series of detached essays, each written and published separately at different times, the same counsel is good, for there is bound in such case to be a certain repetition of both thought and phrasing through the series which becomes evident and slightly irritating when one takes the lot at a single reading. Eric Gill's essays here collected should be read in this way: if not, the inevitable repetition encountered in a single reading tends to dull a little the impact of the thought as it recurs. That is no defect upon the author's part nor is it an argument against printing collections of essays; it is merely a hint how to get from "It All Goes Together" its full content with flavor undiminished.

Amanda Coomaraswamy in her "Introduction" tells us that Gill—in his own statement—"invented a religion and found it was Roman Christianity." He joined the Church at the age of thirty-one. The grace of God leads men to the Faith by many roads, some by the path of Truth, some by that of Good and some by that of the third member of the trinity—Beauty. It looks as if Gill found his home by way of the third. For what Mary Gill calls the "Priesthood of Craftsmanship" was his main life theme and "Craftsmanship" roots at the last in Beauty. One of the outstanding sins of the modern age is its murder of craftsmanship. A craftsman must be a whole man, a man really in the image and likeness of his Maker, for he is a "creation" too. Consequently, all the essential elements of "personality" are in him; without any one of them he is no true craftsman. Small wonder then, that in preaching a religion of craftsmanship he found

"Dr. Moehlman's book . . . makes alive again the struggle for free thought and free conscience."
—Saturday Review.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH

The American Way

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"MEMBERS of state teachers' associations, all educators, parent-teacher associations, labor unions, business men and citizens generally who are taxed to support public schools should know what they are in for if this tendency to have the school do the work of the church and the home continues."—Clyde R. Miller, Associate Professor of Education, Teachers College. $2.50

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himself a Catholic. Similarly, Chesterton's extraordinary metaphysical *habitus* led him to discover that he too had "invented" Catholicism! These essays of Gill contain many crisp epigrammatic sentences and phrases which incline to reader to stop on them for a moment's reflection—an excellent thing. Finally they match the time in which we live, as bit by bit it begins to dawn upon man that the bottom issue of the conflict in which we are engaged is the defense of man's inherent sacredness and worth as a creature of God in the image of his Creator. Gill's "craftsman" is such a man. T. F. W.

Addressed to Youth. Sister M. Madeleva. St. Anthony. $1.00.

FOR the most inveterate commencement speaker or preacher of baccalaureates, this little volume is worth more than its price; for the tyro, it is worth ten times its price. The author, after years of experience at Saint Mary's College in Indiana, retains absolute faith in the convent school as the ideal place in which to train Catholic young women. "The school receives the student as a child of God with immortality for her future and sanctity for her vocation. . . . The most important single fact about the school is that the students and faculty live on the campus with Christ in the Blessed Sacrament." Again, "A student enters college for one legitimate reason: to learn, to practice, to become perfect; that is, to become a saint in the intellectual virtues, to lead the intellectual life." D. H. MOSELEY.

The Altar and the World. Bernard Iddings Bell. Harper. $1.25.

THE worthy intent of this book is greatly marred by its execution. To chalk up its defects first: its sweeping, condemnatory and unqualified statements concerning the world as it is, has been and will be. What can you do with an author who, mostly in a quaint vocabulary of his own, uses the occasion of explaining the Kyrie Eleison to say: "We have more and more reduced the masses from the high estate of skilled and self-respecting freemen to the status of what is little more than that of cogs in a juggernaut industrial machine." Not only have we heard these sweeping half-truths too often to accept them as novel insights, but we sniff the romantic in them. As if all members of what is now "the masses" had a grand line of skilled freemen as ancestors—which even Mr. Bell would not claim to be so. The Epistle provides an occasion for a statement like the following about statesmen—in general—"whose adeptness at making war is equalled only by their fumbling when they try to make peace." This negative, entirely sterile attitude towards the world does not help the good Canon build a true bridge to the altar as he promises to do in his title. He reminds me of those radicals who require for their utopia that we first annihilate sordid reality and then let them build their world. To beat our breasts in the name of democracy and then be very charitable and understanding of others always appears to me as a sign in so many clergy that they have chips on their shoulders. This idea that we should be more concerned with our own faults than with Germany's and Japan's sounds, oh, so Christian, but is it not rather something like proof that the author is sulking, together with so many other Church leaders?

Turning from the bad, bad world to the altar, we must say that we feel gratified at this attempt to bridge the deplorable gap that exists at present between the liturgy and daily life. Many more attempts will have to be made, less in books than in common preaching. The style of this book is oratorical all through, and its words stalk by in a synthetic atmosphere of the seventeenth century. The vagueness of its theology can best be gauged by the author's new version of the Nicene Creed, the part that concerns Christ, from the Greek. The "pisteuo" is given as "I put my trust in," instead of "I believe in." You can do that, of course, but why? Does the author, a confessed Anglo-Catholic, advocate the exclusion of rational elements from the act of faith? Does he believe that the Fathers of Nicea intended this?

Like many of his colleagues, the author has certain notions about the "simple folk." He says: "The little people are so helpless! They do not wish to govern; they have no skill in government; they ask a decent master and they almost never find one." How would it be, since it is so hard to find a decent "master," if these helpless, little, simple folk tried Abe Lincoln's old formula again, Canon? H. A. REINHOLD.

The Reed of God. Caryll Houselander. Sheed. $2.00.

THE REED is Our Lady. The clean void necessary for the reception of God's grace is the emptiness of the hollow pipe ready for the song of the Piper. This idea, the *fiat* of the spiritual life, is elaborated in the meditations for the feast of the Annunciation and for Advent. The purpose of the book is to show how Our Lady may become the pattern for our daily life. The problem of the flesh and the spirit suggested by the mystery of the Incarnation includes some gentle sarcasm at "part time spiritual life," when the soul, who is trying to be saintly on her day-off, thinks it her duty to despise the body which has been very useful during working hours. Preoccupation with the flesh is certainly bad, but so is the lack of respect for it as the Temple of God, which has led many to think very lightly of violating the body. Spiritual sanity is not contempt for the material world. "No man ever enjoyed life as Christ did." Human nature is really both body and spirit, and it is their perfect union—not their artificial division—that makes daily life the Being of God which Saint Thomas calls the source of all beauty.

> I walk, I lift up, lift up, heart, eyes,
> Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour.

sang Hopkins.

I wonder if many are familiar with a passage in Father Faber's works which recalls how March 25 was once ushered into England with the ringing of bells from Dover to Canterbury and many-steepled London; when there came "from the heart of a whole nation and from choirs of countless churches and from thousands of reeling belfries, one prolonged Magnificat." Miss Houselander has the same idea when she is reminded by the Gospel story of the lost child of the spiritual withering of the old traditions in England, where Good Friday means a Bank Holiday now to the majority, with a Fair on Hampstead Heath and a high quota for drunkenness. But she feels that men everywhere have lost the Child in making a personal idea of God a false idol.

> Nothing could be more untrue than the often-repeated misstatement that we all worship the same God. . . . It is easy to see that people become like their own conceptions of God; hard if it's hard; flabby if it is soft; cruel if it is cruel—and I was going to say respectable if it is respect-

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able, but perhaps Respectability is not an idol but simply the Englishman's escape from God.

"Why hast Thou done this to us?" asked Our Lady of the Child they had lost. "Seek and ye shall find" is the suggested answer, but the search is not always easy. It is so difficult to find the Child in the people about us. "We need to bring to other people faith like that which we bring to the Blessed Sacrament." To illumine a difficult incident in the Gospels, there is the story of the young priest celebrating his first Mass and how the people, hurrying to the altar rail for his blessing, crowded out his mother and his family. But he smiled at them over the heads of the multitude knowing they would understand as Our Lady did when Christ said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, he is my brother and my sister and my mother."

To judge from the success of "This War Is the Passion," Miss Houselander seems to understand how to make spiritual truth palatable to a large public. She writes colloquially in the sense of reiterating the same idea in many different guises, which is a practical method for a spoken conference, since it catches up with minds which may have been wandering; it is a profuse style and it doesn't make it easier reading for me to have paragraphs too often broken up into sentences. A personal literary reaction, however, is unimportant compared to the sound spirituality contained in this small volume.

E. V. R. WYATT.

On Education. Sir Richard Livingstone. Cambridge; Macmillan. $1.75.

THIS LITTLE volume gives us Sir Richard Livingstone's two splendid essays, "The Future in Education" and "Education for a World Adrift." "On Education" is a rare book. It is a book on education by an educated author. Sir Richard is thoroughly at home with our great Western culture, and he sees this classical-religious culture in the perspective of our present and future needs.

"The Future in Education" is devoted especially to a discussion of adult education. The "experience of life is necessary," Sir Richard argues, "for the full and fruitful study of subjects like literature, history, politics and economics." He does not however doubt the need of elementary, secondary, and higher education; he merely asserts that "after 50 years spent in receiving or giving education, I am convinced that for the studies in question the years after 18 are a better age, and those after 30 better still." The essay ends with an excellent chapter on secondary education, and the theme of this chapter is developed in fuller detail in the essay "Education for a World Adrift."

Here the author gets at essentials at once. We live in an age without standards. If the course of the last and present century "the solid and impressive mansion . . . of Christian belief" has been "steadily bombed." We therefore "inherited good habits, but no ruling philosophy of life." This accounts for the fact that we have lost our vision "of what Plato calls the Idea of Good." We have placed our hope in science, economics, sociology, industry and commerce. These minister to our material needs, and as such they are good but by no means adequate.

Our disease is "a sickness of the spirit." Our age lacks "soul." There is nothing wrong with its body. We are "bound in shallows" because we have turned against Greece and Palestine, the two sources of our civilization.

AGAIN and AGAIN

. . . our friends have written to say that a favor has been granted after they had promised to help the missions. We are always pleased to receive such acknowledgments, and wish that a wide circle would take up this practice of making donations to the missions in acknowledgment of favors received. What charity is dearer to the Heart of Christ and His Blessed Mother than the one which they themselves have so frequently practiced, of healing the sick, body and soul? Address the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

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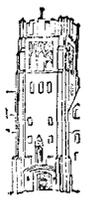

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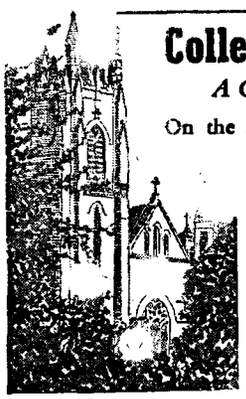

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And with the rejection of our classical-religious tradition we lost the "vision of greatness" so indispensable both for true education and for worthy human living. Hence our tragic loss of values and standards; hence, also, our confusion of good and evil, and our insensibility to what is first-rate.

The way out is in the re-emphasis of the primacy of the spiritual. Education entails "spiritual training" in terms of the best that has been "done, thought and written." "The most indispensable viaticum for the journey of life is a store of adequate ideals, and these are acquired in a very simple way, by living with the best things in the world—the best pictures, the best buildings, the best social or political orders, the best human beings." Education entails above all the acceptance of Christ, His life and teaching. The task ahead is enormous, but in the words of Socrates, "noble is the prize and our hope is great."

These two essays are at once soundly critical and profoundly constructive. Sir Richard believes in the education of every man and of the "whole man," and he believes in education with a purpose. The following sentences are especially replete with wisdom: "We must not forget in our education this element, a sense of direction. We do forget it, if we are content that our schools should merely impart knowledge, develop and discipline the intelligence, train character in the narrow sense. They must also be places where the mind is enriched by the right visions and where the ends of life are learned." In my opinion "On Education" surpasses the kindred works of such men as Robert M. Hutchins and Mark Van Doren. It merits reading and re-reading. It breathes with the vitality which made Western civilization great. ARNO A. GUSTIN.

Captain Retread. Donald Hough. Norton. $2.50.

A "RETREAD" is an officer honorably discharged from the last war who gets back into this one. Captain Hough has been connected with Air Force training centers in New Mexico and in various deserts out West. He came back into this war's army and he thinks it is really a wonderful army. He is modest and humorous about himself and he understands and admires the wonderful men who are in the army. It is very likely indeed that he talks about them in very much the way they would like to be talked about. Very likely a private soldier would enjoy reading this book about himself. A private soldier might be led quietly along through these amusing and understanding pages, even to the extent of accepting the rather lofty business about an officer's duty which comes in—effectively—at the end. I wonder why I am not quite sure about the whole performance. It may be because of the unusually competent writing. It is certainly odd to complain when you come across style in a "personal experience" book, especially when the style is in no way affected. Yet there is something slick and competent here which disturbs me; I kept thinking I was reading a detective story—one of those in which the detective is a private detective who drinks his way through the case and is awfully natural and has read Hemingway and Steinbeck and does not imitate them too closely. So that in this book there is a certain question of tone, and everything is right but everything seems to have been planned so that it would be just right and real and natural and decent. It is successful; it makes good reading; it ends with quite a lift—perhaps it is not complicated enough to cover the complications of real life.

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The Inner Forum

Committee for Human Rights

THE FIRST membership meeting of the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights took place at the Hotel Commodore in New York on June first. Senator James E. Murray of Montana was elected chairman, Professor Emmanuel Chapman of Fordham University and Hunter College executive director of the Committee. Those present expressed wholehearted approval of the men who have agreed to serve on the honorary board: Mayor Frank J. Lausche of Cleveland, Ohio; Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, Texas; Associate Justice Frank Murphy of the United States Supreme Court; President Philip Murray of the CIO; President George N. Shuster of Hunter College.

The meeting also adopted three important resolutions. The first of these was the text of a letter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, commending him for his invitation to the British, Soviet and Chinese ambassadors to inaugurate conversations leading to "a program of international organization for postwar security. The principles of international law and justice and the friendly cooperation of all nations have always been maintained in Catholic thought. . . . Surely the common good of our own nation cannot be properly fulfilled without the realization of the common good of the society of nations of the world, united in the one family of mankind. . . ."

A second resolution called for support of the Grafton Plan of establishing temporary havens of refuge for victims of nazi oppression—without requiring papers, quotas from each country, or even complete proof that the need for refuge exists for the individual seeking temporary shelter. "To perform the corporal work of mercy of sheltering the homeless, the victims of nazi persecution and injustice, is elementary Christianity and democracy." This resolution was sent to President Roosevelt and to the War Refugee Board.

Here in part is the third resolution: "Inspired by genuine Christian teaching and the principles of democracy, we are opposed to the dangerous abberation of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism—which is the other side of the same bad coin—anti-Negro and all other racial and minority bias. How incompatible these are with democracy and Christianity should be evident to all. . . . We must wipe out this evil wherever it appears, in the school, the street, the home, the factory and wherever people gather. If it is not totally eradicated, there can be no genuine peace. We shall cooperate with other groups of good-will in this necessary work."

CONTRIBUTORS

J. L. BENVENISTI continues to send us from London his analysis of British opinion.
Raymond KRESENSKY writes from the Middle West; he is a new contributor.
Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE is at St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C.
D. H. MOSELEY frequently writes for Catholic periodicals.
Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is teaching this summer at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.
E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for the *Catholic World*.
Rev. Arno A. GUSTIN is on the faculty at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

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Next Week

AMERICA AND FRANCE by C. G. Paulding. The invasion has markedly changed the troubled course of current Franco-American relations. What was up to now extremely vague and problematical has become a question of impelling immediacy. The significance of General de Gaulle's presence in England when the invasion started must not be overlooked. It is with such aspects of the French problem and others which develop as the invasion widens, that C. G. Paulding's article will deal next week.

BRITAIN'S HEALTH SERVICES by Hilde Fitzgerald is of unusual interest for comparison with the Wagner-Dingell Bill and other proposals for socialized medicine now under consideration over here. Mrs. Fitzgerald, who sends this article from London, gives the impression that the English have gone much farther in a socialized direction than we have. In any case she presents a wealth of specific information as to how their plans would work. Apparently the only question for the British is "Should the public service be for all, or only for those within the present National Health Insurance limits, and their dependents, e.g., 90 percent of the population?"

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